

# The Iesuits Miracles, or new Popish VVonders.

*J.*

Containing the Straw, the Crowne, and the  
VVondrous Child, with the confutation  
of them and their follies.

*See Winwood  
Papers. V. 2. 300.  
Cabinet d'Architec.  
ture vo. T. B. 416.*

MIRACULOSA  
EFFIGIES R. P. HENRICI GARNETI



SO. <sup>th</sup> IESV MARTIRIS  
ANGLIE. 3.<sup>a</sup> MAII 1606

CVM G ET PRIVILE

SING DE BVSS

Printed at London for C. P. and R. I. and are to be sold  
at his shop in Fleetstreet neere the Conduit.

1607.

Handwritten notes in the top left corner, possibly a date or reference number.

Vertical handwritten text running down the center of the page.

Vertical handwritten text on the right side of the page, possibly a signature or title.



## To the Reader.

Gentle Reader,  
A good minde be thy leader:  
And then so led,  
Be thou with contentment fed.  
An honest loue,  
Doth me, thus to writing moue:  
Accept, and then  
Well rewarded is my pen.  
But pleas'd, if not  
Equally, deuide the lot.  
Indeed my Muse,  
A blunt souldiers woras doth vse.  
Here, in this booke,  
Do for Popish VVonders looke.  
A flocke of Dawes,  
Gaping skip, at painted strawes.  
And Aesops Asse,  
Creates greatly, wondrous Grasse.  
A little Child  
With wonders, great fooles beguild.  
These, thousands more,  
Are the ragges of Popish store.  
VVhat I haue done,  
Thus doth to thy iudgement ronne.  
And I am still  
Thy good friend, and euer will.  
That in thy hart,  
To God, and King, faithfull art.

Thusthine euer,  
Or else neuer.

R.P.

Q  
R  
W

T  
T

GA

---

## *The Jesuits Miracles.*

---

**S**Vch honest minds as do desire to laugh,  
When idle fools their foolish parts do play:  
Let them herein peruse that broken staffe,  
Where on proud *Rome* her shartered hopes doth lay.  
And smiling then, say thus, time happen shall,  
And that ere long when *Dagon* downe must fall.

The Sea of *Rome*, growne to so low an ebbe,  
To raise her fall doth vainly shifts deuise:  
The *Pope* to spin his spitefull Spiders webbe.  
Mainetaines a doctrine, diuellish teaching lies  
For when on his proud head destruction comes,  
For helpelesse helpe, to miracles he runs.

Great *Brittons Ile*, when on her fruitfull brest,  
Hell breathed forth corruptions poysoned slime;  
And bloudy *Romes* adherents did their best.  
To make their hellish hopes aloft to clime:  
When at their top of height heauen them so cheks,  
That helborne Climers breake their traytrous necks.

Then





---

## *The Iesuits Miracles.*

---

*Garnet*

Then of that troope *Cerberus* their captaine chiefe,  
Whose counsell did each secret ill direct,  
False traytor *Garnet* that soule murdering thiefe,  
His treason did each treasons plot protect,  
Vpon his trust did damned sinne relie,  
With hope to bring to passe, Arch villanie.

When God was pleas'd at last to bring to light,  
That twentie yeares concealed close kept deuell:  
Who for the *Pope* with craft and greatest might,  
Had closely wrought in framing workes of euill.  
When Iustice him, most iustly did surprise,  
Marke on his parr, what hell did thus deuise.

Finding himselfe, with danger round beset,  
He standing still, men say, that thus he sayd:  
In Gods name come, my life shall pay the debt.  
Which must I know, to God by death be payd,  
Inforcest, he then himselfe did humbly yeeld:  
Whose deadly poyson, would the world haue kild.

Bu



## *The Iesuits Miracles.*

But where his right foote firmly fixed was,  
In beaten path, hard, smooth and boordlike plaine:  
Euen in that place, this wonder came to passe:  
A wondrous grasse sprang forth (a lie) certaine,  
Twelue inches long, two broad, and then, and there,  
That Grasse was scene (most false) three crowns to beare.

*Grasse  
sprang  
Crown*

From hence it comes, our Papists vainely thinke,  
That triple Crowned grasse did plainly show,  
Though holy *Garnet*, chanced then to sinke,  
The Pope should yet, to mightie greatnesse grow.  
For *Garnets* death had force his cause to nourish,  
And by his death, *Romes* sea should freshly flourish.

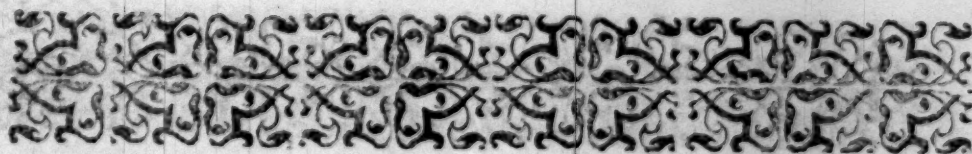
*interline  
of Papy*

Who so beleeueth this Popish bold facest lie,  
That's grounded on, suppos'd admired Grasse,  
May fatly feed, his follies toolerie:  
Yet liue indeed, a very leane fed Ass,  
But falshood doth, such thrid-bare stuffe compound,  
As that thereby, it doth it selfe confound.

Bu

B

This





---

## The Jesuits Miracles.

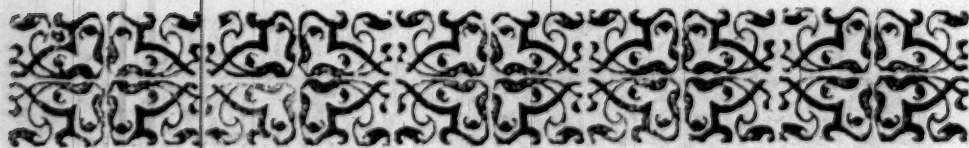
---

*metaphor  
by tank.* This forged tale, may tell as I consider,  
The scarlet whore, of bloud-desiring Rome,  
Her pompeous pride, like scatterd grasse shall wither:  
And to destructions iudgement, shortly come,  
And that in Brittons famous Monarchie,  
In Garnets fall, Rome downe cast, false doth lie.

*id. deph  
mixed cap.* But more then this, by him did strangely hap,  
For aye to crowne his painted vertues name,  
Oh wondrous was his threefold crowned cap:  
His substance was, the child of shamelesse fame,  
His life, and death, in very Popish troth,  
Did bring admired lying wonders forth.

For when he died, oh thing most strange to tell,  
To a Taylors wife, a scipping silkmans beares,  
A straw whereof, bloud from a traytor fell.  
She thereon weepes, ruthfull deuotions teares,  
To fight thereof she then her husband brings,  
And ouer it, a mournfull durge he sings.

This





---

## *The Iesuits Miracles.*

---

This holy rellicke, whilst (they say) she kept,  
Some craftier knaue, then her poore plaine goleman:  
To see that straw, deuoutly stealing crept,  
And well to search each part thereof began,  
At last whilst he, to looke him selfe inclines,  
Behold forsooth, a miracle he finds.

For (though not) in the inward huske or rine,  
*Garnets* dead face (at London bridge) appeares,  
This wonder proues he was indeed diuelline.  
And all his workes, for treason doubtlesse cleares,  
Some Popish painter cunningly did trace,  
On *Garnets* straw, false *Garnets* trayterous face.

But would you runne, that strange made straw to see,  
And not for truth a Popish lie beleue:  
It's gone to *Rome*, there safely kept to be.

*Straw sent  
to Rome*

The Pope must weare it on his golden sleeue,  
But zeales hot fire, wisely to assuage,  
Let fooles trudge to it, in paultring pilgramage.



---

## *The Jesuits Miracles.*

---

False as themselves, this lie by them is coynd,  
They'le first picke strawes, ~~etc~~ lying wonders loose,  
Deceit haue they, with falshood falsly ioyn'd:  
Lies to maintaine, they brassen lies must choose,  
To force beliefe, by falshoods forsworne prate,  
Papists dare boldly wrong, both Prince and State.

Let Pope, and Papists, close together ioyne,  
Falsly to paint, a Popish painted grace,  
Let still their wits, falle truthlesse wonders coyne:  
By painting strawes, with traytor *Garnet's* face,  
And let them lie, with flintie impudence,  
In hell is placest, their certaine recumpence.

*wnet* . *Garnet* misnam'd, of Iesus order hight,  
A Iesuit knowne, and Iesuit fiercely they,  
Gainst Iesus Christ, do with proud boldnesse fight.  
And strue on earth, heavens blessed Saints to slay,  
All Popish Iesuits seeming saintie,  
Doth chiefly worke vild treasons villanie.

*Garnet*





## *The Jesuits Miracles.*

Garnet their Martyr, whom they please to paint,  
Him onely for a painted martyr take,  
He was euen such a martyr, as a Saint.  
Such Saints, and Martyrs, Popes haue power to make :  
He dies no Saint, whose death maintaines a lie,  
Nor are they Martyrs, that for treason die.

But *Garnet* dead, he for his treason died,  
Falle was his heart, desiring guiltlesse bloud,  
*Equiuocations* force his cunning tried. *Equiuocation  
of garnet.*  
Thereby to make his hel-borne actions good :  
Fondly thinke not, for him strange strawes to see,  
Not worth a straw, such patcht vp wonders be.

But her's the iest, new strawes are painted now,  
As if thereon two faithlesse faces stood : *Strawes.  
2. new faces.*  
Rightly to paint the painter well knew how,  
For *Garnet* had two faces in one hood :  
*Equiuocation* his double face did cloake,  
*Equiuocating* himselfe at last did choake.





---

## *The Iesuits Miracles.*

---

Pope, Cardinals, Papists, blush all with shame,  
To see your Iesuits lying shamelesse drift,  
By miracle to crowne a traytors name:  
With martyrdom and by so vild a shift,  
Painting a fruitlesse straw, the worst of things,  
Dirisions scorne, such painted wonder brings.

They paint themselves, and what their church is made,  
With straw they build their painted wals about:  
Heuens fruitfull wheate they blasted in the blade.  
Their corne is chaffe lifes ioyce themselves stampe out,  
They and their Church, though painted faire we know,  
Like *Garnets* straw is fruitlesse but in show.

Pope like he hath himselfe and friends betrayed,  
With painted food feeding delusions ioy,  
His farlings some, euen in their strength decayed,  
So such destroyers shall themselves destroy:  
Their painted straw may for *Romes* Emblems serue,  
On painted fruit who feedes shall feeding sterue.

So



---

## *The Iesuits Miracles.*

---

So are they fed, so they desire to feed,  
With painted zeale, and painted holinesse,  
From Popish schooles, such feeders do proceed.  
Let those soule killers not to *Albian* presse,  
Traytors they come, vild treasons to compound,  
For which when hang'd, then are they Martyrs crown

Let but a Bird, or silly butter flie, *Butter flie.*  
Chance to come neere the slead, or Gallowes when  
A Popish Priest, or Iesuit comes to die,  
And straight by fooles, it is reported then,  
The holy Ghost, such likenesse vnderooke,  
Thereby on martyred, crowned Saints to looke.

And may they so be euer comforted,  
That seeke on earth, heauens kingdome to destroy,  
When they to death for sinne are iustly led:  
Let vaine conceits confirme their faithlesse ioy,  
Such as do breath a Traytors loathed breath,  
Be all their comfort in vntimely death.

But





---

## *The Iesuits Miracles.*

---

*Strange  
Child*

But now the tale which strangely doth begild,  
Amazed minds, or vaine, or faithlesse weake:  
Oh a most strange furnam'd inspired child.  
Hath power to heale before he right can speake,  
His infant birth, a rowling Cradle shakes;  
Yet if but toucht, sicke, haile, lame, sound he makes.

From Popish parents, springs this enchanted bud,  
*Romes* faith alone workes mightie miracles,  
*Sathans* proud *Popes* haue boldly oft withstood:  
The firme layd truth of sacred Oracles,  
Be that Religion rightly diuellish scand,  
Whose strength must now by working wonders stand.

Shall by a child more wonder now be wrought,  
Then was by *Christ* the worlds redeemer done,  
Shall misbeliefe (as if no truth were taught)  
Teach vs (from God) for witch-like helpe to runne,  
We know *Christ* did not in his infancie,  
Do any one thing miraculously.

But





---

## *The Iesuits Miracles.*

---

But now that miracles are fully least,  
Shall such be wrought as Christ himselfe exceeds:  
Let *Rome* alone such lothsome stuffe digest,  
Whose poysoned maw vpon damnation seeds,  
Negromancie, witchcraft, inchantments, soerie,  
Adores proud *Romes* most dam'd hypocrisie.

*Rome encha*

For treason, murther, theft, a Papist dying,  
If at his death he crosse himselfe and say,  
His faith is on *Romes* holy Church relying.  
And wils for him true Catholiks to pray,  
He dies a Martyr that to speake be bold,  
For so his name shall be at *Rome* inrold.

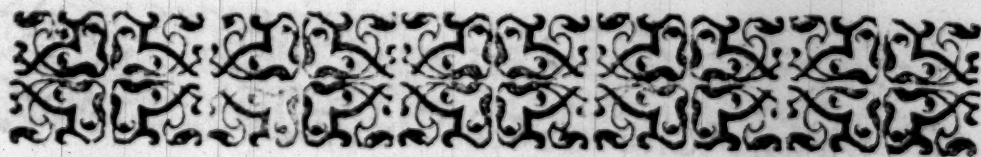
*Traitors Marti*

*Parsons* the Iesuit in his house at *Rome*,  
Hath in a gallerie gallantly set forth,  
Such as in *England* suffred martyrdom:  
Who first had vowed themselues to *Rome* by oath,  
Each traytor hang'd, hangs for a martyr there,  
But *Parsons* chiefe, I would he chiefly were.

*Parsons Jesuite*

C

When



---

## *The Iesuits Miracles.*

---

When he from *England* entertain'd a friend,  
Then must they both amidst those martyrs walke,  
And when their conference had retain'd an end,  
Then *Parsons* he would thus begin to talke,  
Behold deere friend these shrines angelicall,  
Of martyrs crown'd with ioyes Celestiall.

As at some motion then the foole begins,  
And to a Picture doth directly Point,  
Saith he an angell his sweet *requiem* sings,  
And for a Martyr doth his soule annoint,  
So much by him was holy *Rome* vphild,  
As for *Romes* sake he would his *Queene* haue kild.

That happie Martyr died on such a day,  
At such a place in *England* hang'd was he,  
But at his death report doth truely say,  
That all the people did this wonder see,  
For when imboweld to his fames renowne,  
He with his foote did strike the hangman downe.

*Romes  
martyrs*

Vpon





---

## *The Iesuits Miracles.*

---

Vpon that text then doth he preaching say,  
That wonder did vnto the world declare,  
They downe should fall and all their strength decay.  
That dirst them selues against *Romes* holiest beare,  
But heare his lye against him selte is borne,  
*Romes* foes shall fall; *Rome* first in peeces torne,

Then doeth he shewe a man or woman such,  
As did some Priest or Iesuit entertaine,  
And of their cause expostulating much,  
Saith that these Martyrs were in *England* slaine,  
Their death was ioy no grieve their minds could moue,  
They died because they holy men d d loue.

*another of  
Parsons mai*

There was in them no lesse perfection left,  
Then in those Traytors whom their houle did shroud,  
Themselues are theeues that but conceale a thefr,  
Law iustly hath that truth for iust allowd,  
They traytors are that Traytors do conceale,  
Or hide them vp and not their names reuale.



---

## The Jesuits Miracles.

---

But *Parsons* he blacke treasons lector reads,  
Of all those Martyrs and their noble deeds,  
And his good friend from each to other leads.  
His eares with monstrous mountaine lies he feeds,  
Telling of wonders and most wondrous lie,  
Saith all liued saints, and all did Martyrs die.

note of  
imprison  
saints.

And last of all to *Campions* face he comes,  
And saith, looke here, this halloweg shrine behold,  
His deere remembrance euery sense benums.  
Whose praise deserues a booke with leaues of gold,  
This this, saith he, my lifes associate was,  
His life had brought a wondrous worke to passe.

Parsons  
Prison

We labored both for *Englands* happiest weale,  
To holy *Rome* that kingdomes rule to turne,  
We fought her wounds with blessed grace to heale.  
So did our loue in loues affection burne,  
We Princes drew to passe the *Oceans* surge,  
Our land from sinne by force of armes to purge.

But





---

## *The Jesuits Miracles.*

---

But in our worke whil'st we a strength prepar'd,  
To entertaine *Romes* Catholike defence,  
When for the good of soules we chiefly card.  
Then was disclos'd our Christian iust pretence,  
Holy *Campion* by heretiks was taken,  
Who had he liued their greatest strength had shaken.

*Campion's  
Lyfe.*

That learned Father lodged in *Londons* Tower,  
Though wanting bookes and libertie of mind,  
Yet was in him such force of holy power.\*  
As to dispute poore *England* could not find,  
Sufficient Clarkes his learning to repell,  
In him there did such heauenly iudgement dwell.

Bur *England* turnd a tyrant to her owne,  
In peeces cut her star-bright natiue glory,  
But *Campion* is a sacred martyr knowne.  
Fame to the world proclaimes his fames true storie,  
The night before that blessed martyr died,  
By heauenly vision was he glorified.



## *The Jesuits Miracles.*

Lo what a coile a cunning traytor makes,  
Both treason and a traytors shame to hide,  
See with what boldnes he himselfe betakes,  
For treasons safetie strongly to prouide,  
But he that thus in *Campions* praise hath lied,  
Would God he had with Traytor *Campion* died.

*in* *Campion* *Dispute* When *Campion* did with Reuerent *Fulke* dispute,  
Then *Campions* Errors were approued lies,  
In euerie point *Fulke* did *Romes* Pope confute.  
In spight of all that *Campion* could deuise,  
Our learned *Fulke* did argements contriue,  
Whereby he did to *Non plus* *Campion* driue.

Though Traytor *Campion* did for Treason die,  
Yet *Parsons* *Campion* can his vice for vertue praise,  
And paint him with a Martyrs sayntitie,  
For gainst his *Queene* he fought a power to raise,  
Strange Martyrs they must strangely be commended,  
Who rustly were for Traytors vild condemned.

Buc





## *The Iesuits Miracles.*

But *Parsons* thus when he hath forg'd his tale,  
And told the fame of all his Martyrs dead,  
Then doeth he rownd his falshoods speech impale,  
With monstrous lyes not to be numbered,  
For then he doth with protestations tell,  
What Plaues vnto those Martyrs foes befall,

*Parsons tales  
false lyes  
of Englands  
plagues.*

Some at the bar which did those saints accuse,  
By sodaine death were plagued for their sinne,  
Some hangd themselues, and with such fearfull muse,  
He doth afresh his prechitue lies beginne,  
And in that curse his impudence is such,  
As falsely he will noble States men tuch,

His slander dares both Kinges and Queenes abuse,  
Aline or dead his lies haue no respect,  
He doeth but as Popes, Priests and Iesuits vse,  
By vildest meanes *Romes* glory to erect,  
And to that end the Rowling lyes he tels,  
His greatest worke which wonder most excels.

He



---

## *The Iesuits Miracles.*

---

He can conclude each point with wonders great,  
Done by or for those Martyrs by him nam'd,  
Or how for them iudgement their foes did beate,  
Worst, wonders pray'd, the best had wondrous shaine,  
Thus would he speake, that those to whom he spake,  
He might there by such holy martyrs make.

I would that *Parsons* were in *England* here,  
Thanks to receiue for all his loues good will,  
That he in state might worthily appeare.  
Climing the top of antient Holborne hill,  
He euer did, and doth deserue the best,  
Of all those Martyrs whom himselfe hath dress.

*Garnets picture*  
*Rome* But now to *Rome* is *Garnets* picture runne,  
And mongst those Martyrs claimes the chiefeſt place,  
For at his death there was a wonder done.  
A straw did him and Romes Religion grace:  
When ſtrangers come that picture ſtrange to ſee,  
Amongſt the beſt it moſt ador'd muſt be.

Thus





---

## The Jesuits Miracles.

---

Thus Iesuits can hel's sulfer smoke perfume,  
And make the sent of damned Treason sweet,  
Popes and Iesuits dare diuellishly presume,  
To make a diuell for heauens saluation meete,  
Traytors indued with *Romes* most gracious spirit,  
Must after death the name of Martyrs merit.

*Jesuites Lies.  
for martyrs.*

Popes two and twentie vild ones at the least,  
Haue vs'd abhorred nigromanticke spels,  
By which is plaine the most accursed beast.  
Euen in the throne of truthlesse Popedome dwels,  
For Antichrist he must by Sathans skill,  
The world with monstrous lying wonders fill.

*Popes . 22  
Nigromas*

With fierie signes and coniuring wonders great,  
Popes often haue amazed minds dismayed,  
Mens soules haue their most wicked Papall seate.  
With seeming holy (but hellish) power betrayed,  
Pope Hell brand he, the People made beleue,  
That burning fire came sparkling forth his sleue.

*Hell brand Po  
miracle.*

D

Such



---

## The Jesuits Miracles.

---

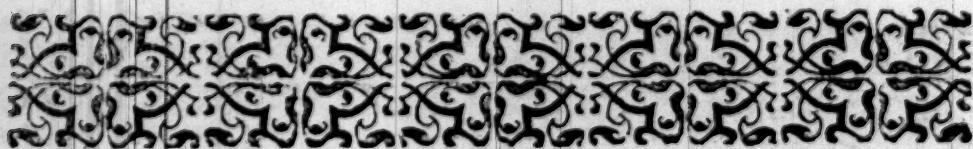
Such Popes indeed might with strange fire deale,  
Whose soules were fould to euer flaming hell,  
Themselues did from themselues saluation steale.  
Chosing with Diuels in endles flames to dwell,  
Loue not wonders that are by Sathan wrought,  
So Popes themselues and frindes to hell haue brought,

miss.  
pendant

*Romes* *Legendarie* is with *Legions* fild,  
Of lying tales soules banefull trecherie,  
Those mountaine lyes are in their strength vphild,  
Whose strife is to maintaine *Romes* *Papacie*,  
*Rome* will be great in spight of aduerse Fate,  
For why *Romes* friend the Diuill vpholds *Romes* state.

By miracles with hell *Rome* shaking hands,  
Aproues *Romes* strength is doubtles wondrous weake,  
For sinnes foundation euer weakly stands.  
And vengeance must such force in sunder breake,  
The Pope enragd, wrath working Martiall royle,  
Shall *Rome* reward with her destructions spoyle.

Then





---

## *The Jesuits Miracles.*

---

Then let vs ioy that Papists vainely flie,  
To such like fond and childish shifts as these,  
The Pope doth now vpon his deathbed lie.  
Let not his physicke faithfull Christians please,  
And though that name he proudly vs denies,  
Faith boldly yet dares tell the Pope he lies.

*Popes funeral*

We liue in Christ saluations only meanes,  
Worlds all sufficient sauing Sauour,  
Popes idly ground, their faith on faithlesse dreames.  
Denying Christ his glories glorious power,  
No soule (saith Rome) Christs death doth make so pure,  
But that besides it must a fire endure.

*Christ*

*Purgatorie*

Blasphemously Romes hellish doctrine speakes,  
Popes purgatorie for their bellies built,  
In them the frame of their redemption breakes.  
And leaues their soule stained with damnations guilt,  
He in his heart Christs death and passion hates,  
That from Christs death the glorie derogates.



## *The Iesuits Miracles.*

riste  
trine

The soule by Christ made cleane true Christians know,  
Is roab'd in Christ his heavenly righteousness,  
And made as white as is the new driuen snow.  
That gloriously it doth appeare spotlesse,  
Christs precious bloud, of soules the only cure,  
Doth make the soule all glorious perfect pure.

om  
exes.  
tt me

But if the Pope in shew no Christian seem'd,  
Christians then, would not to him repaire,  
Nor could he be a mediator deem'd,  
Betwixt the *Dragon* and our sinnes dispaire,  
But when the world did him earths holiest name,  
His craft vnseene brake downe saluations frame.

ve is  
he christ

The Pope when he had cast *Romes* Emperor downe,  
And to himselfe worlds might & Empire tooke,  
Then *Antichrist* aduanst his triple Crowne.  
And proudly did ouer all earths Princes looke,  
The Pope growne great this subtile course he takes,  
His turne to serue religious forme he makes.

Above





---

## *The Iesuits Miracles.*

---

Above Gods Church the Pope himselfe instals,  
No Church allowing but his proper owne,  
From Gods Church then *Romes* Church on sudden fals,  
Christes Kingly power lesse then the Popes was growne,  
Meditators being ioynde with Christ then he,  
Seem'd by the Pope, a Sipher made to be.

*Pope at  
Church*

For whilst the Pope such power vindicates,  
Vnto himselfe, that can pardon sins,  
And that a sainte, or Angell meditates,  
Twixt God and vs, and to vs saftie brings,  
Christ is thereby made for vs sinfull men,  
No mediator, nor redeemer then.

*Pope's pardon*

See how the Pope doth Iesus Christ confesse,  
When as he doth his sauing power deny,  
What is the Pope then a plaine Athiest lesse,  
And what *Romes* sea, but hellish Blasphemie,  
Oh then let Popes not rule the Church of God,  
They and their Church is Sathans Sinagouge,

*Pope Atheist*



---

## The Iesuits Miracles.

---

*apostles  
saints* The heathens they had gods for euery thing,  
And Papists haue for euery thing their Saint,  
Proud Popes when they do Papall Massis sing.  
But Pagan Panisme thereby smoothly paints,  
Heathens one Ioue, Papists one God they feare,  
But gods and saints they serue with equall share.

*glorious  
false Pope* Deare country men borne in great Brittaines Ile,  
Do not your blessed soules contaminate,  
With Babels slime flie from corruptions soile.  
For *Romes* great whore is earths adulterate,  
Gainst her and all her vild adulterates hath,  
Heauens mightie God denounst consuming wrath.

*Popes  
curse* Popes when they curse do proudly cast from high,  
Their cursed fire flaming torches downe,  
Their insolence would tell the world thereby.  
Gods burning wrath doth waight vpon their frowne,  
But thus by God their daring pride is scost,  
Wraths fire on them is powred from a loft.

*Romes*





---

## *The Iesuits Miracles.*

---

*Romes* sea in which heauen ruled all these Popes,  
Full twentie two, detested coniurers,  
Eight Athiests knowne weare hallowed golden Copes,  
And twentie three were vildest whore maisters,  
A eleuen Sodomites, Pope *Ione* a whore they call,  
Murtherers some, but wondrous bloudie all.

*Romes* sea  
22. Coniur  
23. ~~Bob~~  
8. Athiest  
11. Sodom

As those Popes did, so euery Pope doth take,  
A course alike to selfe same onely end,  
That to the Pope, *Romes* ruling power might make.  
The world and all worlds *Princes* humbly bend,  
This to obtaine by euery horred euill,  
Popes chuse to serue worlds mightie *Prince* the diuell.

The Pope a wolfe cloath'd like an humble lambe,  
As Christ his *Vickar*, claimes his greatest power,  
That Dragon Pope, of sinne the markt out man.  
Doth harbor *V*Volues, but harmelesse lambes deuoure,  
Proud *Romes* bloud thirstie big (wolne throat bepaints.  
Popes scarlet robes, with bloud of heauens deare saints.

*Popes* Chr  
Vicar.

Proudly



---

## *The Iesuits Miracles.*

---

*type, God*  
Proudly the Pope doth so himselfe preferre,  
As that he must on earth earths God be held,  
In cause of faith (who dares say) Popes do erre.  
Gods owne deere to their decrees must yeeld,  
Yet from the Pope like blasting lightnings flie,  
Foule errors, lies, and faithlesse heresie.

*give from Peter*  
From *Peter* doth such Godlesse race proceed,  
No sure such *Judas* like succession,  
From hell both flow, hels diuell daily feed.  
Such poyshed viprous vild transgression,  
What vildnesse then dares boldly to expresse,  
That *Rome's* the sea, of sacred holinesse.

*notes of Antichrist*  
Those notes, those signes, those markes, and all those names,  
With *Antichrist* must on his forehead beare,  
Shine in the Pope with patent burning flames.  
He wants no badge the monstrous beast should beare,  
That Wofish Fox chaste from his falshoods burrow,  
His selfe dispaire, himselfe to death shall worrow.

Arme,





---

## The Jesuits Miracles.

---

Arme, Arme for God doth wrathfull warre proclaime,  
The beaste must downe his high growne sinne is ripe,  
From euill to worse, he swiftly flies amaine,  
And bendes his force saluation out to wipe,  
He would raise vp a mightie Monarch such,  
As should his sea with strength and wealth enrich.

*Arme,  
for God*

He and his *Campions* now they mustering are,  
By oathes, by force, by Treason fraud and bloud,  
He layes his plots how best to mannage warre,  
The diuill for him hath vp in councell stood,  
The Pope resolu'd all thinges doth readie make,  
His thundring curse shall seeme the world to shake.

*Popes Camp  
muster.*

His purpose doth but his owne fall resemble,  
For such a curse will shortly fall on him,  
As all the world thereat amaz'd shall tremble,  
Blood thirstie throates in pooles of blood swim,  
Fire finall, and fire infinite,  
Are both prepar'd, in wrath proud Rome to smite.

E

Romes



## *The Jesuits Miracles.*

se, and *Romes Gog*, and *Turkish Magog* both they rose,  
homet. At once the Pope and helhowne Mawhumer.  
On earth grew great, but greater are their woes.  
The Pope as god throned in his church doth set,  
That *Antichrist* to ruine first must fall,  
And then the worlds great *Magog* perish shall,

enes & *How runs ths time all whist and quiet thought,*  
aders. Gods word, Heauens signes, worlds sinne, hels rage times rot,  
Strange reuolutions to threatning Periods brought.  
Of some great worke all these thinges speake they not,  
A Plage and plagues do with continuance runne,  
For somthing is but not what should be done.

me to *Then turne to God and aske the question why,*  
God. Finde out of sinne which doth him most displease,  
False bloudie house in blouds reuenge must dye,  
Gods will performd then is his wrath appeald,  
The house of bloud which wold gods church confound,  
So race as it may feel distructions wound.

The





---

## The Jesuits Miracles.

---

The scarlet horse, on which the beast doth ride, *Revelatio*  
Was by the beast, wounded and heald againe,  
But yet the beast his scarre could neuer hide.  
Nor shunne the wound himselfe did deadly maine,  
Both horse, and beast, beasts both, are both so wounded.  
As both must be by force thereof confounded.

That arme whose blow did make *Romes* beast to reele, *Britta*  
Grew first from thence, from whence a power doth grow, *Engla*  
Whose strength hath felt, but ten times more shall feeie.  
Euen to his last most fatall ouerthrow,  
And now *Romes* pride, which doth of wonders vant,  
With wonder thus, may we with wonders dant.

How wonderously did God from death defend, *Q. Elizab*  
A Princes when to certaine death expos'd,  
Through Iron gates, heauen satties arme did send.  
And heauens belou'd, from danger safe inclos'd,  
Heauens saint was saued, that she heauens saints might  
Heauen vnto her, a crowne and Scepter gaue. (saue,



## The Jesuits Miracles.

How was her life and glorie of her state,  
By wonder kept from Popish treasons rage,  
How bloody was Romes proud intestine hate,  
When but her blood could traytors spite aswage,  
When wonders were the plots of Romes pretence,  
Miraculus was then her liues defence.

<sup>fortie</sup>  
Three and ~~thirtie~~ yeares by treason Rome conspir'd,  
Her subjects were by oath false traytors sworne,  
Time, place and meanes, when fit as hell desier'd.  
Diuels in that instant from their hopes were torne,  
And heauens *Eliza* was by wonder seene,  
From treason kept to liue worlds peerelesse Queene.

When Rome in rage a hostill power did raise,  
By force of sword her kingdomes to inuade,  
Then to the glorie of her endlesse praise.  
*Eliza* was a glorious conqueror made,  
In spite of all Romes bloudie plots obserued,  
By miracle she was a Queene preserued.

Her





---

## *The Iesuits Miracles.*

---

Her great successor by most lawfull right,  
With how great wonder liued he Scotlands King,  
When priuat treason and rebellions might.  
Against his life a Popish strength did bring,  
By miracle God kept his Maiestie,  
And gaue to him great Brittans Monarchie.

*King James  
preferred*

Aud being once in regald Throne instald,  
What strange deuice had Roman traytors got,  
The diuell from hell their hellish practise cald.  
To be an agent in that damned plot,  
By miracle it rightly may be sayd,  
Was brought to light such treason closely layd.

*Compounded  
Parliament*

These miracles their truth doth farre surpasse,  
Those idle tales that papists cast at vs,  
Their lies, their child, their straw, their lying grasse.  
Are all extinct, by truth miraculus, (wonder,  
And thence shall rise where truth confirms heauens  
A strength to breake all falshoods frame in sunder.

*Popish fals  
miracles*



## *The Iesuits Miracles.*

*not  
wished* Though God be powerfull in his safeties arme,  
Yet hath and must externall meanes be vs'd,  
We must not thinke we can be kept from harme.  
If carefull counsell be carelessly refus'd,  
The grace which God doth graciously bestow,  
Should teach vs how his pleasures will to know.

*conspire  
Poperie* Then to preuent the craft of *Romes* proud Pope,  
And safe to make succeeding happie times,  
Strike roundly vp the heeles of Popish hope.  
Race downe those wals by which foule treason climes,  
The Popish Priest is like the Iesuit naught,  
*Rome* hath to both vild treasons lesson taught.

*all the  
rich  
equities  
traitors* Those Priests would worke like labourers in a mine,  
Vnseene, and Iesuits they should beare the name,  
To be state traytors, the wounds of bleeding time.  
But Priests (poore soules) worke no such deedes of shame,  
And yet the Seminarie, or Priest secular,  
Are as the Iesuits traytors regular.

One





## *The Iesuits Miracles.*

One selfe same rule doth both their workes direct,  
And to like purpose their restlesse labors striue,  
For *Romes* auaille they treasons must protect.  
And gainst their king each trayterous plot contriue,  
For when they breake diuine and humane lawes,  
Then their religion doth defend their cause.

Their oylie tongues haue power to perswade,  
And from the king his subiects hearts to steale,  
By them indeed are secret traytors made.  
Whose outward shew can their close thoughts concale,  
Their strength to much in one vild Priest or two,  
Amongst vs here (as Iesuits) harme to do.

The Priest doth scorne an vpstart Iesuit should,  
By begging creepe into more princely grace,  
Then they or any shauen pate order could.  
That are descended from more ancient race,  
This is the prize their warre doth most assaile,  
Which of them best can worke for *Romes* auaille.

But



## *The Iesuits Miracles.*

*Iesuites  
theorite*  
But in that strife aloft the Iesuit flies,  
Contenting best princely ambitious cares.  
They know the grounds of secret pollicie,  
And kings to Monarches their perswasion reares,  
They vow they will, this high pitcht note they sing,  
To Romes allegiance kings and kingdomes bring.

*Priester  
to corno  
Requites*  
The Priest doth scorne the Iesuits brauing course,  
And flouting thus do (in derision) say,  
Their counsell doth to late repentance force.  
But Priests do bring more soules to hell then they,  
The Pope to serue is their contention,  
Dangers alike craue like preuention.

*it is  
an iusto  
the  
t*  
The law is iust that to deaths iudgement thowes,  
Those that would turne subiects against their king,  
By popish priests the fruit of treason growes.  
They vnto vs do greatest danger bring,  
Those that by them to *Rome* are reconcild,  
Proue like themselves in heart, their thoughts as vild.

Let





## *The Iesuits Miracles.*

Let iustice then law iustly execute,

*Justice da*

And by the root plucke vp *Romes* trayterous plants,  
Let subiects know obedience is the fruit.

That their submission to their Soueraigne grants,  
Those not allowing their kings supremacie,  
Giue them no strength, no wealth, no libertie.

Who dares not sweare allegiance to his king,

*false othes.*

But vows himselfe vnto the Popes behest,  
Will at the Popes command do any thing.

And such a one hides treason in his brest,

Let not their countrey vnto them do good,

Who Popes to please will sucke their countries bloud.

Abominations desolation,

May crosse our hopes although so well begone,  
By granting forth a Popish dispensation.

*Dispensation  
sanctification*

By meanes whereof may mischief still be done.

But such whose oath no strength of truth can giue,

Soone may they dye, or else exiled liue.

E

Blacke



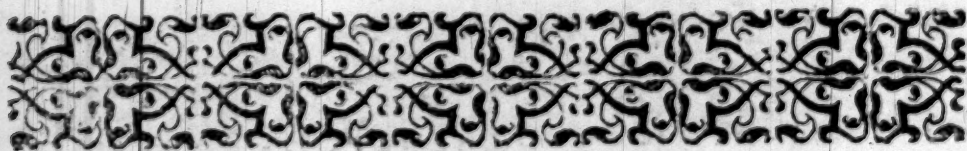
## *The Jesuits Miracles.*

*Blacke treason then will flie from Brittaines coast,  
When traytors haue no shrouding place allowed,  
Romes Priest or Iesuit hauing lost their hoast:  
Will come no more to worke their mischiefes vowd,  
From Tiber if to swim to vs they strue,  
At Tyborne then shall all such saints ariue.*

*Then should our peace bring forth of peace the fruits,  
When Christ his spouse should in her glorie shine,  
Not being maskt in Antichristian fures.  
But like her selfe cloathed in her robes diuine,  
This is the worke which should to passe be brought,  
And this to crosse are strange preuentions wrought.*

*Those amongst vs that Romes religion loue,  
And yet do hate the euils that Pope allow,  
Let all their actions to their king approue,  
That vnto him they faith obedience vow,  
If to their king and countrey faithfull then,  
Though Papists yet report them honest men.*

Those





---

## *The Jesuits Miracles.*

---

Those of that sort will not our good preuent,  
Their countries spoyle they'le not indure to worke,  
Those traytors that from *Rome* are hither sent.  
Shall not consealed in their houses lurke,  
They chiefly will such vpriht course affect,  
As best may cleere them from foule euils suspect.

And such as those be they with fauour vs'd,  
If ioyn'd with vs in Sacraments and prayer,  
Without iust cause be not their loues refus'd.  
Nor let vs of their faith or loue despaire,  
They may at lest see in truths christall myror,  
How to wipe out the staines of popish error.

*Sacrament  
traytors.*

But such as are peruersly obstinate,  
Or bow, or breake by lawes commanding power,  
Those that to *Rome* themselues do subiugate.  
They onely are *Romes* constant friends not ours,  
Such in their hearts are to vild mischiefes bent,  
Wisdom and iudgement must their hopes preuent.



---

## *The Iesuits Miracles.*

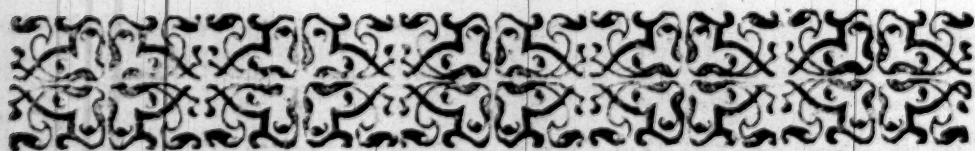
---

*force  
will come*  
Some insolent and most presumptuous proud,  
Will dare to speake and boast of future hope,  
There shall (say they) a strength remoue the cloud.  
That hides worlds glorie from worlds holiest Pope,  
Still their deuce remoues from plot to plot,  
That one may hold though many prosper not.

*ret  
brittains  
call*  
A circuit large their compast hope doth reach,  
Wishing to raise a king about their owne,  
The Pope and Iesuits grounded precepts teach.  
How best may grow to seed that *Rome* hath sowne,  
*Romes* plots, deuices, and inuentions all,  
Striue most to make great Brittans Monarch fall.

*equi  
be  
me to  
repare*  
Lay hold on time, whilst time is friend to thee,  
Ioyne where is ioynd a strength truth to defend,  
Let ou'r thy friends, thy foes no conquerors be.  
Breake not thy bow ere thou begin to bend,  
When open danger in secret working staves,  
Make strong, begin, much dangerous are delays.

The





---

## *The Jesuits Miracles.*

---

The curious sturre that selfe conceited wits,  
Do wrangling make for cerimoniall rightes,  
Iustice must cure all those Ague fits,  
Against our peace their vaine contention fights,  
The Puritan though rising like a bable,  
Yet doth his error cause dissentions trouble.

*Puritanes.  
hurt peace*

Our royall King, at first the Church suruayd,  
To truths Religion hauing chiefe respect,  
On holy writ he faiths foundation layd.  
Vnfaithfull those that to obey neglect,  
Oh let not such as should obedience preach,  
By vaine contending vaine contentions teach.

*Our Synge  
reformation*

Vnitie, we then in vnions concord peace,  
Where God and nature haue one nation made,  
By wisedomes law let all dissention cease.  
Discords blacke cloud spreads a prodigious shade,  
Vnited loue doth discords strength repell,  
And sault best doth in lous vnion dwell.

*Vnitie in  
vnion*



## *The Iesuits Miracles.*

*newd  
ear*  
The head and members nature doth compact,  
That all as one do worke for others good,  
Noones best ioy doth others harme inact.  
Nor is the heads great ruling power withstood,  
Nature expels what gainst her health contendeth,  
What she defends her certaine good defendeth.

Oh may the good of Brittans publicke weale,  
Be in a blessed peacefull vnion wrought,  
That done time would her happiest worke reueale,  
Which should be to a blest conclusion brought,  
Brittane's safe of world and hell though spited,  
When in one heart her nations are vnited.

*estroye  
Rome  
Rope*  
Great Brittan then with ioyes contentment smile,  
In thee a puissant potent power doth liue,  
From Rome Romes Pope and Papall sea exile.  
Vnto earths whore her vowed distruction giue,  
Performe that worke to which by God thou'rt cald,  
And then thy state is on a rocke instald.

With





---

## *The Iesuits Miracles.*

---

With faithfull hearts and constant loyall hands,  
Let's ioyne in truth our God and king to serue,  
Freeing our selues from Sathans Popish bands.  
Which do from faith and truths obedience swarue,  
So shall we ioy with conquering triumph still,  
As Gods true saints on Syons glorious hill.

FINIS.

